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midnight—Carlos slumbers in his easy chair, and the moon shines clear and bright on the deserted streets of New York.

And what is my general opinion of Ristori, you ask fair reader? It is this: She is undoubtedly a great genius and a fine actress; but she is not the *greatest* genius, nor the *greatest* actress that we have ever had in this country. There is more artificiality in her acting than there was in that of Rachel's, and as Lady Macbeth she is far surpassed by our own great actress, Charlotte Cushman.

SHUGGE.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"£100,000," was produced at Wallack's last week, and, although possessed of a sterling title, was not, as a play, a sterling success. There are some flashes of humor here and there, and the dialogue, as a general thing, is pointed and witty, but the plot is composed of the flimsiest materials, while what little interest there is in it, is very badly sustained throughout. Mr. Byron fell into excellent hands when he fell into those of the Wallack company, for they have labored conscientiously to bring out all the good points of his work, and in doing so present us with a series of wonderfully true and life-like pieces of acting. From the greatest to the least every part is well played, and amid so much excellent acting it is almost invidious to make a distinction, still I cannot help referring to the admirable personations of Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Vernon as Mr. and Mrs. Joel Barlow. Two more natural and quietly humorous pieces of acting it would be difficult to conceive. Joel, with his rough, uncouth manner, covering the warm heart beneath, and his general eye to business running through all his ideas, and putting him at last in a rather disagreeable position, is a finely drawn picture of a numerous class of society on the other side of the water; while his prim, cosy wife, with the irrepressible female desire to "nag" in days of prosperity, but who, when the final crash comes, and her husband is left penniless, asserts the tender qualities of womankind, and soothes him with her wifely love, would be an honor to every British tradesman. Somehow or other, there is a genuine honesty and unctuousness about the acting of the old school, of which Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Vernon are admirable representatives, which is very delicious, and has the ring of the true metal—mixed with no base alloy—but real, downright nature, and when such artists are cast to congenial parts, one is certain to expect a rare treat.

Mrs. Vernon—dear, funny Mrs. Vernon!—made her re-appearance this season in "£100,000," receiving a most flattering recognition. The dear lady is looking as blooming as ever, and seems to have lost none of that vim and quiet humor which has always characterized her acting. She is one of the most valuable members of Mr. Wallack's company, being unsurpassed in her particular line, and may she live long to delight us with the exquisite drollery of her acting, and the pleasant smile of her kind merry face!

"War to the Knife," another new comedy by Mr. Byron, was produced at the New York Theatre on Monday evening of this week, and made a

decided hit. The play is full of interest, and for the most part, well played, and there is but little doubt that it will have a long run. The plot, although having many improbabilities, is a good one, and is mainly as follows: Capt. Thistleton, a scoundrel and a gambler, has in his possession a girlish love letter written to him in days gone by, by a Mrs. Harcourt, this letter the lady is anxious to obtain, fearing the jealousy and anger of her husband, who is the dupe of Thistleton, should he ever see it; confiding her troubles to an intimate friend, Mrs. Delacour, that lady determines to become possessed of the dangerous epistle, to accomplish which, she gives Thistleton a sleeping potion, and then, while he slumbers, steals the letter from his pocket, leaving the envelope, however, and placing in it another letter which she finds among his papers, Thistleton, innocent of the theft that has been accomplished, determines to give the letter to Harcourt and does so, but what is the astonishment of all present on reading its contents, to discover that he (Thistleton) is engaged in a wholesale robbery of a country bank, the letter being from his accomplice in guilt, who has been presiding as the president of the institution.

This, it may be seen, gives many opportunities for strong and telling points which have been seized on with avidity by the author. The dialogue is sparkling and witty, and, in many places, positively delightful, but the general enjoyableness of the play is greatly marred by the coarse vulgarity and overdrawn exaggeration of Mr. Lewis Baker, who as Mr. Nubbly makes a ridiculous caricature of what, as written, is really a fine part. His drunken scene is grossly offensive, an exhibition that should never be tolerated on the boards of any respectable theatre. Mr. Baker is possessed of considerable talent, but he utterly prostitutes it in his endeavors to gain, by exaggeration and vulgarity, the applause of the groundlings.

Mr. Mark Smith's John Blunt is exceedingly good, being a marked contrast to the ridiculous antics of Mr. Baker. He plays the part in a quiet, genial, and gentlemanly manner, which is very delightful, and fully elicits the sympathies of the audience.

Mr. Metkiff, as Capt. Thistleton, is good, but he should remember, that gentlemen, while in the presence of ladies, are not in the habit of stretching themselves on sofas, and otherwise behaving like boors.

Mrs. Gomersal is a most charming and sprightly actress, and invests the part of Mrs. Delacour with a vivacity and spirit which is perfectly delightful, fairly carrying off the honors of the piece by her lady-like bearing and consummate acting.

Mrs. Wilkins gives a nice little bit of acting as Mrs. Benson, and the other characters are all tolerably well played, and if Mr. Baker will but tone down his coarseness, the play is sure of a long and successful run.

Bourcicault's last new play, "The Long Strike," was produced at the Olympic this week, introducing Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh, who has just returned from California; I will speak of the performance, in detail, next week.

Mrs. Bowers, at the Winter Garden, is still

drawing large audiences to witness her thrilling personation of Lady Audley. "Donna Diana," is underlined.

This is the last week of Miss Maggie Mitchell's engagement at the Broadway Theatre, and she has been bringing it to a successful close by her exquisite personation of Amry, in the "Little Barefoot." Next week we are to have Mr. Chas. Dillon, a fine and artistic actor of the colloquial school.

SHUGGE.

CAMILLE Urso's playing at Mr. Harrison's Sunday evening concerts, at Irving Hall, is the theme of general comment. Her career in this country has latterly been a brilliant one; and her talent, which has been developed among us year by year, has been acknowledged, by those capable of criticising her acquirements, without stint. The judgments thus recorded have been sustained by the best European critics, and her six months' sojourn in Paris proved a season of pure artistic triumph. Among first-class artists she was recognized as an equal, and her playing now gives evidence of the advantages of high artistic association. Her style is more matured; her readings are broader, and in all she does there is an appearance of more perfect finish than heretofore. The masculine element of the violin has never been attained but by one woman, Milanola; but Camille Urso has gained much in that direction, and plays now with a strength—a sustained force which leaves us but little to ask for. Her execution of Vieuxtemp's difficult composition, the Ballade and Polonaise, was a masterly performance. She has caught the broad manner and marked character of that great master, and interpreted his work in a style which no other violinist in this country could, except Poznanski, his favorite pupil. In her own special, womanly style, she has certainly no superior, for pathos of expression and tenderness of sentiment, were never more exquisitely illustrated than in her performance of Gottschalk's paraphrase of his "Cradle Song," arranged for and dedicated to her. It was a performance that brought tears to many eyes and deeply affected all. We may be justly proud of the talents of Camille Urso, for they have been developed and matured in this country, and she will represent honorably and successfully in the Old World, the rapid growth and appreciation of Art in America, when she reappears in Paris in the Spring of 1867.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

ART MATTERS.

Hubbard has returned from the Adirondacks, where he has been passing the latter part of the season, and brings with him some admirable sketches taken in that region of beautiful and grand scenery; besides these, he has several sketches of Lake George which are all marked by the same general excellence. Mr. Hubbard is an artist who studies nature closely and with a loving heart, hence his sketches, in many instances, assume the proportions of completed pictures, and charm us by their delicacy of finish and general effect.

De Hass has on his easel one of the finest "marines" ever painted in this country; it is called "The Old Wreck," and represents the weather-